We bilintly mire, and in durinness and duffness we grope also Lamenting ever the light denied. Last would soon shine in did we came begin To walk through life on the Silvery side.

The week-day trouble and week-day toll,
Like a durk minutes observe the way.
And the guds we love, as we daily prove.
Are gods of diap.
But better things we may hope to reach,
If we follow the steps of a better guide,
for the life is vain that does not contain.
A liste bit of the Somelay side.

The bounce we build may far cased.
The couldy palaces of the east,
and jewels meat rare and blossome fair
May grace the feast,
that it is not home in the avectors sense,
If the deers and windows so long and wide
and the bearte that within their fancies ago
Open not out on the Sunday side.

"tis all a fully and all a wante

To spend our lives, as it were, for naugha, the good to shin, and to have not one. Updirting thought, and where it were not one. Updirting thought and where'er in the world 'tie our lot to dwell, the restic cottings, or halls of pride.

Dero's a chance. I'm sure, for us all to secure A little bit of the Sanday side.

Jacophine Polized, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE DESERT TRAMP.

Although tramps a-plenty can be the people of the desert mining camps that, like Daggett, California, are lo-cated on valirouds, believe that three times as many can be found there in proportion to the population as in any other part of the country. Wretched as this country is as a site for human habtation, devoid of all human necessities devoid, even, of water save at the tations-and cursed with a climate all ent intolerable, a day never passes without a tramp coming to the doors of some of the houses and begging for food. Nor do they confine them selves to begging. They browbeat and errorize women found alone in their nes and the Chinese cooks employed restaurants and kitchens, very och as tramps do elsewhere, and this o, in spite of the reputation which desert men have for taking the law in their own hands in dealing with such

Then, too, the reputation of the average desert man as a man-killer is unde gred. There are desperadoes on the desert, and they do the killing, as a rule. The men who have wives and kitchens are not desperadoes. They are respectable citizens, willing to endure great privations in the hope of a future competence. They are like respectable citizens elsewhere in their wness to take a bloody revenge for a personal injury. The tramp knows ledge. In a journey that included the lest towns on the Mojave desert he writer did not hear of a single tramp who had been killed for his serity nor did he find more than one se that was at all free from their visits, and that home did not enjoy en-dire immunity. It was left compara-tively free, however, because of the rigorous treatment which the nomad ed at the hands of its master.

Mr. J. W. S. Perry, of Daggett, lime mine in the Calico mountains, se miles from there. His office is in a house there, where he lives with his wife, who, during most of the year, eeps no servant. When they came there the tramps swarmed about the house. Mrs. Perry is a California mid not bear to refuse a man sired for food in respectful lan-But one day came a tramp to He walked right in without a A luck had it Mr. Perry hapd to walk in at the dining-room at the same instant.

Superintendents of desert mines are med to dealing with all kinds men and are particularly prompt in

"What do you want?" said Perry to "I came to see you about getting a

" replied the tramp, who was try-to make the best of a bad case. 'And you thought the way to get work was to come around to the kitchen door and enter without knocking, did you?" The tramp made no reply,

and Mr. Perry continued: "I will conduct you to the office door fand show you how to get in there in a proper way."

At that Perry turned the tramp ound, kicked him out the kitchen or, kicked him around the house to the office door and stood him up there

"New knock on the door." The man knocked and Perry opened

45 and entered.

"Come in." he said, and the tramp Children and

"Do you want work or have you got rather more than you wanted?" Perry

The man glanced up and then fled. Perry is a six-footer, who can kick like desert mule.

It was a long time before Mrs. Perry was troubled by tramps again; but, of urse, there was no escaping them alther. Even the purchase of a wonully intelligent and well-trained dog did not keep them away altoher. Mr. Perry had to drive to the oon something at the mine deed Perry so that he could not reach ie until after dark. Mrs. Perry untood the matter, and did not begin sepace supper until after nightfall. was going to broil a steak that algot, and, having lighted the fire and store when a tramp stalked in at the

open letteben door, having to some way

that same to Mrs. Perry's face at once

howest him that he was master of the

ation, and sitting down at the ta-

steak ready in hante and to fetch out of everything she had in addition. The bearing of the man was so terrifying that Mrs. Perry did not dare to refuse, and, greatly agitated, she brought the steak and put it over the glowing coals. The other work was also continued, the man meantime cursing her for being slow so continua buckboard that was driven up to the rear of the house, nor did Mrs. Perry

hear them.

The buckboard contained Mr. Perry. and he could hear the words of the tramp very plainly. Dropping the reins he walked allently toward the kitchen door just as Mrs. Perry approuched the stove with a quart shaker full of powdered salt. She poised the shaker, and by accident shook the cover off so that more than a pint of salt fell on the meat, glanced at the door and saw her husband coming, and then fell in a dead faint beside the

Without a word Perry entered the room, and, walking to the table, picked up the carving knife, while the tramp fell on his knees and begged for life. That was the only move that could save his life. Perry could not kill a man who begged for mercy, but he could and did give him a frightful return for the misery Mrs. Perry had endured. For a moment he considered how he could punish the fellow, and then his eyes fell on the stove.

The steak was bubbling on top and corching below over the redhot coals, while the salt in a browning heap lay on the middle.
"Hold out your hands flat," said Per-

ry. The tramp obeyed, and with the knife and fork Perry placed the steak upon them. The man shricked with pain, but dared not drop it.

"You ordered the steak 'quick,' and you shall have it," said Perry. "Now

With the ready knife before his ever the tramp choked it down, salt and all, and then disappeared in the night. The eastern reader may think that after such an experience the tramp died on the desert next day, but he didn't, and the chances are that by ex-hibiting his burned hands and telling some pitiful story about them he obtained more square meals during the next week than he had had in three months before. That Perry was justifled in his treatment of the man no one doubts who knows the desert and its nomads. Although rarely if ever done todeath

by the citizens on whom they prey, more tramps die violent deaths in this country than elsewhere. Because the country is a desert they must ride on the cars in the hot months. There is a curious rule among the railroads of the whole Rocky mountain region that works to the advantage of the tramps. The Indians of the region are allowed to ride free on the outside of and be-tween the cars. It is "great graft" for the tramp who finds a group of Piutes or Shoshoues on a train. The trainor Shoshones on a train. men do not notice the addition to the group, and the Indians are not unlikey to share their food with the tramp. But Indians are not often found on the railroads in this part of the desert, while tramps are as plentiful as sandstorms. A train never goes over the road without carrying tramps or with out a fight between them and the trainmen. The utter recklessness of the tramps in stealing rides is enough to unnerve the inexperienced spectator. It is useless for them to try to board a train that is standing at a station in the daytime, so they walk up the track and wait there till the train has started and attained a speed at which it would be dangerous for an ordinary man to try to climb on or even jump from the platform, and then, grasping the rods that brace the floor timbers of a car, they swing themselves under and land on the brake beams. This is done to me extent by tramps in the east, but railroad men say that the tramps here can board a brake beam on a train going from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The tourist hears this told so often and so candidly that he is obliged to believe it. But sooner or later the nerve or the muscle of the tramp fails, and he drops under the wheels. So many tramps are killed by the trains that the local papers give no more attention to events of the kind than New York papers give to the maining of children by recklessly driven trucks. The stories of railroad accidents on the desert are telegraphed to the east only when the lives of passengers have been lost, so eastern readers do not hear about the killed tramps; but a railroad man told the writer that out of seven collisions involving freight trains, with the details of which be was familiar, tramps had been killed in four.-N. Y. Sun.

NOT THE CHICAGO WAY.

An Artist Who Couldn't Understand Was ing Money on Telescopes.

One of the foreign artists at present at work at the fair grounds accepted an invitation the other day to inst art collection of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes says the Chicago correspondent of Town Topics. This particular artist is by birth a Hollander, and is an ardent admirer of the Dutch school.

After inspecting and admiring the contents of the art gallery in the cable ne, nine miles away, several times a railway magnate's Michigan avenue and the wife was often left mansion, the artist told Mr. Yerkes of on for several hours at a time. One a magnificent picture that he knew of in Amsterdam, the price of which was unfortunately beyond the reach of any one man, but which he could not help thinking would prove a magnificent addition to the collection.

"I do not know how rich a man you "but O, if you could only buy that

Mr. Yerkes asked the value of the picture, and the artist, with great delieacy, declined to tell it to him in his own house, after receiving his hospitality, but said he would let him know he hade her go on and get the it at a future day. On leaving the house

the American friend in whose company he had made the visit asked the artist what the price of this wonderful picture

really was. 'Oh, a fortune," was the reply, "several fortunes-well, say two hundred thousand francs."

"Why, man," said the other, "that's nothing. Yerkes could buy ten pictures like it and not feel it. Why, do you know he has just given away a telescope costing five hundred thousand dollars?" "Goot Got!" exclaimed the artist in

amazement, "what will you erazy Americans do next? Fancy spendi five hurdred thousand dollars to look at the heavens, when for two hundred thousand francs you could buy a picture like that to look at all the time

TO CURB BRITISH SWEARING.

As Old Statute Against Profacity Put

Some time ago the suggestion was made in one of the London newspapers that a society should be formed to suppress the growing evil and scandal of street profanity. It was generally admitted that English towns were disgracefully preeminent in the matter of ursing and swearing in public places and that English street loafers pos-sessed probably the foulest mouths in all christendom. The proposal came to nothing for various reasons, one of which was that it would be as unpopular and dangerous to interfere with the English workmen's privilege to curse whenever he felt that way inclined as to meddle with his right to get drunk. It has been tardily discovered that the statute book actually contains an act passed in the reign of George II. "for the suppression of profanity," and the Wehbech. The act is delightfully comprehensive, the only defect being the absence of a schedule of oaths and an appraisement of their comparative wickedness. Penalties are imposed according to the social position of offenders. The scale is one shilling per oath when uttered by a laborer, two shillings when the sinner is above a laborer and under the degree of a gentleman, and five shillings when by anyone above the degree of a gentleman. The punishment s applicable whether the offense be committed in the public street or in a man's own house, which seems somewhat restrictive of the liberty of the subject and opens possibilities of domestic complications. The Webbech case, however, was perfectly simple. The prisoner uttered four wicked words in the public street, and, being a mere laborer, was ordered to pay a shilling per oath and thirteen shillings costs.

DISTRESS IN ENGLAND. The Army Getting Rapidly Filled with

Nine-tenths of those who enlist in the British army are driven to do so by extreme want. It is the last resource against starvation or the workhouse, and they take the oath to defend her most gracious majesty and frustrate her enemies as the only means of securing food and shelter. The magnitude of the present distress in Great Britain may

therefore be realized when the offi cial neturns show that recruiting for the army has not for many years past been so brisk as at the present moment; that all the cavalry regiments are over their strength, and that the line regiments are fast filling up. The supply is so great, indeed, that doctors and officers are steadily rejecting the weakly few months ago and are picking out just the sturdiest of the applicants. The residuum sink back to the slums and join that other great army, the unem-

The harvest of England's Christmas charity has failed to adequately relieve the multitude of destitute during the bitter frost. Painful stories patient suffering under the most distressing conditions are daily made known, and more than one cor oner's jury has of late returned a verdict of death from destitution.

Electricity for Deaf Mutes. One of the recent medical applica tions of electricity is in the treatment of deafness. The apperatus for this purpose comprises a battery, a belt, an electrode supporter on the belt, and shaped to rest on the ear, and connections between the electrode and battery. This provides a convenient and efficient mode of receiving the current, which can be applied in finely graduated strength. Superintendent Johnson, of the deaf and dumb institute at Indianspolis, is reported as having found in a series of experiments that the phonograph concentrates the sound at the frum of the ear in such a way that many of the pupils, otherwise deaf, are thus enabled to hear. Out of fifty-six boys and girls, says the New York Telegram, only three girls were unable to hear anything at all, while forty could hear music and twenty-six could

distinguish spoken words.

Playing with Miss Deoley. The talent which small children have for picking up the most characteristic phrases of uncultured chance compan ions is well known to patents. The other day at dinner the ethereal little Marjorie, aged four, astonished her parents by exclaiming, apropos of the pudding:

"Holy smoke! ain't that good!" Her father and mother looked at her in astonishment. "My child, where did you get that expression?" asked the mother.

"I'm after playing with Bridgie Donley," answered Marjorie, complacently. -Boston Transcript.

the Had Her Revenge.

"Angelina," said Edwin, "there is a little question that I have long been

wishing to ask you." "Yes" she said, opening her very wide and pretending complete ignorance, although confident that she was fully aware of its purport.

"I wanted to ask you whether I ought to let my mustache grow or not?" Gulping down ber disappointment. the said: "I would let it grow, if it will grow, but I'm afraid it is like you

undecided what to do "-N. Y. Press.

Liars' clubs exist in London and sev-eral provincial cities. The initiation fee is five shillings, half of which is remitted should a new member be able to outlie any member present. The tailest stories are told at each weekly meeting, and the best exaggerator carries off the honors of the evening. But if a man is known to lie ontside the preginets of the clubhouse he is liable to

ON THE WIDE PRAIRIE.

Oh, the dreariness of the prairie! How vast it was; never ending it seemed to Clare, as she stood in the doorway of their adobe cottage and gazed sadly off toward the northwest where a herd

of sheep could be seen.
"How can they live on the dry grass and how can Charlie even pretend to like it, the horrible, lonely life in such desolution and isolation! Hush! baby dear, I am coming; how the mosquitoes and flies do tease and torment him, poor little withering blossom—for even he has felt the blight."

The sun rose higher, the wind blew harder and it seemed to have a touch of

"I wonder why baby's cheeks are so red; can be be seriously ill? Papa won't be in until evening, darling;

mamma will do the best she can." Charlie Dean wondered why no wife was visible as he approached home; wondered why no smoke issued from the chimney as was usual at supper time. Had anything happened, he wondered, hastening his naturally

slow steps. The scene that met his gaze as he en-tered his home was one never to be

liis wife, his pretty, liftle, girlish wife he had brought from her city home, lay back in the wooden rocker white and still, while the baby, the little six-months-old Walter, was m tionless within her arms, and the sweet face wore a look the horrifled father understood.

"Clare! Clare!" he cried, brokenly. "Baby-oh, my loved ones!"

Then Clare opened her arms and pe mitted him to place the child in its cradle-s cradle he had made out of a wooden box. In a voice he scarcely recognized al

"You knew the life I was to share

out here, why did you not tell me?" "But he seemed well this morning well as he has been lately, I mean. Oh I never expected this! The ranch is no lonelier than hundreds of others. I never thought-"

"No, but you have had to think now. He died an hour ago. I could not leave him to seek you-it did not matter after that. I'll never forgive you for bringing me out to this."

"Clara! You knew I owned the ranch. You knew I was poor."
"I never guessed what it would be

especially in a case like this," pointing to her child. "I little realized what it was to be a woman." After that Charlie Dean was

changed man. He felt cross and mean, and found the cold creature he called wife anything but a cheerful companion.

"Let her sulk," he said: "she enjoys it. Anyway, I'll find other friends."

And he did. He secured the services of a boy in whose care he left the sheep, and went off almost daily to a little town, a pleasant ride for him of only about fifteen miles. When there, his place of lounging can easily be

"It's Clare's doings." he mused; women like to send men to the dogs. If Clare saw anything more than usual she remained silent. Sometimes, when he came home almost too stupid to talk, he caught a glimpse of conempt in the cold eye of his wife. Her silence was fairly maddening.

"Why don't she howl and storm like other women?" he muttered. give a good deal to see her cry just

The summer had gone and winter had come; as usual on Saturday morning, Charlie had ridden away in the direction of the town, without a word of farewell.

"Two years ago," said Clare, bitterly, "he sought me in that coay home of my aunt's, with its soft carpets, its loving friends, and he persuad marry him and come out to this dreary place, where he has even forgotten to be humane."

Then glancing toward the northwest she saw a mass of black clouds lying; a threatening aspect growing over all

the sky. "There's a storm coming and I'm glad; one of the freaks in my make up is that I like storms, particularly now. Had I been a timid lass I would l since have died of fright. I have felt sometimes even a bear coming in at the door would be a change," and Clare smiled sadly, as the mass black clouds increased and the wind tore around the little mud ranch with trightful violence.

"Don't detain me, boys, I must go

home!" "Impossible in such a storm as this. You'd be dead in less than an hour. Take things coolly, Charlie. Why, it's the first time I ever saw you anxlous. Your wife's all right; being snowed in a few days don't surprise folks in these parts.

"But-she's-out-of-flour; she made biscuits this morning, and there were only enough-and she-"

"Oh, ho, she's got other things, trust s woman for that; there's canned fruit, dried corn, there's beans andno danger of her suffering. Anyway you can't help her; an army could not force its way over those miles."

"God forgive me!" thought Charlie Dean, his face in his hands, "and God help her, for I know how precious little the small house contains. I've seen her hunting among the weeds for something green to help out the sait pork and bread. I know how she's tried to cook something we could eat when I brought her home almost nothing. She may have something for dinner-after that-Oh, heavens, boys! I

must go home!" he cried, aloud. "You'll not go a quarter of a mile before you'll be dead, and then your wife will have no help from you, and by and by the expense of burying you -if the wolves don't and you"

Such a storm had not been known for years, even in that country where frightful storms were common.

Four days from the time Charlie Dean had left home, he slowly and persistently forced his way back, through heavy snow-drifts, until, with trem-bling fingers, he raised the latch of his

Blinded by the snow, he could see nothing at first, but by and by he be came conscious of the cold hearth, the swful silence and that the little house was empty. It did not even hold a

The wearled man sank down upo chair and gazed about him blankly, despairingly.

The bed was neatly made, the floor

orderly fashion, and her dress hung upon the wall near him—the old brown called she had worn the last time he had seen her.

"Gone," he said, dusedly, "gone."

Just then one of the boys, who had
felt strange misgivings and had fol-

"What did you say, Charlie? is she gone? Why, that couldn't be, she'd never be such a fool as to venture out in that storm. If she did—poor fellow, o's fainted!

It was some time before Charlie Bean revived; he was very weary, and the awfulness of what had been, through "There, you're better, now," said his friend. "What do you think could have caused her to leave the bouse,

and where did she go?" "I don't know, unless to the stable

I had left a little corn there."
"Charlie!" said his friend, sternly, you never left your wife in such a But Charlie only nodded.

"I expected to be home, you know

ut don't look at me like that. I'm

punished enough. She's dead some-where under the snow, my poor little They failed to find her; no corn wa missing, it is true, but they found nothing to so much as point the way whither she had gone. Charlie Dean was a changed man

once more. To his boon companions he said good-by, and many of them never forgot the silent pain in his eye, the anguish that his whole face expressed.

"It's not going to kill him," said the friend who had been watching him to see that he did nothing rash. "No, it's going to make such a man out of him as we never dreamed of; the one thing that now has possession of him is work, in order that he may forget. It's

Three years later, well-to-do, with money to spare, for none of it was ever squandered now, Charlie Dean once more sought the far away city where he had first met and won his wife.

a good medicine. I think I'll try some

A strange longing came over him to once more see that place, and travel-stained and bronzed, he walked by the house, almost expecting to hear her touch upon the piano, and the sound of her sweet voice.

Bewildered, amazed, half believing himself out of his head, he did hear her voice once more.
"There's a man drunk leaning on the

fence," he heard a strange voice exclaim. Then the playing ceased, and a voice that almost caused him to faint a sec-

ond time replied: "Drunken men are only too comm Let him alone; some policeman will be

along presently."

Then the music struck up again, this time into a wild galop as if the player's thoughts were running away with her. "But he's still there," continued the strange voice. "He's peculiar looking; do look out, Clare. I declare I feel

Charlie stood up squarely now, pushed his hat back slightly and looked full and straight into the eyes of his

She fell back with a cry, the pla was empty, and scarcely knowing what he did Charlie was turning away when some one came flying down those steps and—and, yes, had her hand in his, and and—and, yes, had her hand in his, and in a tearful voice was saying: "Charlie, oh! Charlie! You've come at last!"
"I want to know," he said, when in the cozy parlor, still clinging to her

hand, "I want to know how you away from the ranch during that awful storm. Clare flushed but answered unhesi-

tatingly: "I was a good walker. I felt no fear of the storm. You had left me almost nothing to eat, and I really thought I should lose my mind if I remained there many more days all alone.

"I took the little money I still pos sessed, and started soon after you did, only I went in an opposite direction. I had scarcely reached the main trail when a two-horse wagon came dashing up, the man—a stranger, but God bless him, for he saved my life—jumped out and snatched me up before I could say 'by your leave,' and away we tore like mad. The horses were very strong and swift, and we seemed to outride the storm. We reached shelter at last, just before its fury broke, and I thanked him as best I could; then, when the roads were clear, I started for my old home, but I had to stop and work awhile before I got here. Aunt has never heard all the story; I couldn't

talk of some things." "I thought you dead," said Charlie "I-if you could know how I have suffered. Oh, Clare, I don't suppose you

could forgive." "I forgave you long ago. I was some to blame. I ought to have tried to have been happier; I wrote to your old home, but they told me you had gone away. "Shall we begin over, Clara-for when you were gone I found out how I loved you."

"Oh, yes, and wherever you go I'll try to make that home happy. "And I'll see that it is a home in which to be happy," answered Charlie, with a tremble in his voice.—A. C. Me-Keever, in Yankee Blade.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ARCTIC. Navigating the Polar Ocean No Longer a Matter of Chance.

The experience that has been brought

down from the various Arctic expeditions, and more particularly from the different whalers which every year traverse much of the northern ley has infused an element of certainty into Arctic navigation which could hardly have been realized by the heroes of a period twenty-five or thirty years ago, says Dr. Angelo Heilprin in an article "The Perry Relief Expedition" in Scribner. The capture of the Melville bay pack of McClintock's Fox in the latter part of August, 1857, could scarcely be paralleled to-day, except as the stcome of ignorance or disregard of every-day knowledge. In an average eason Melville bay can be traversed about as readily as almost any large body of water lying southward, while its earliest seasonal passage can be pre-dicated with a precision almost akin to mathematical calculation. The hard pack ice, which has accumulated as the result of the winter's frost, and has to ap extent been held together through the large bergs which are here and there scattered through it, usually shows the first sign of weakness between July 15 and 20. Large cakes or pans of ice have by that time succumbed to the power ful oceanic currents that are directed against them, and, detaching themselves from the parent mass, float off to find swept everthing was placed in its usual new havens of their own. The weak-

ening process continues until most of the ice has been either removed or melt-ed away, and before the close of the fourth week of July little beyond shore fourth week of July little beyond shore ice (shore pan) remains to indicate the barrier which but a few days before rendered a passage all but impractica ble. The trend of the ice is northwest ward through the bay, then westward to the American side, and finally south to the open sea. It was the purpose of the relief expedition to reach the south-ern boundary of the Melville bay pack on or about the 20th of the month, and there watch the movements of the ice until the opportunity for action arrived. An earlier traverse might possibly have been made through persistent "butting" of the ice, but the dangers incident to this form of navigation were such as to render slowness a prudent measure of safety.

HOW THEY STRIKE IN CHINA. Mosgelias Miners Quit Work on the Most Trivial of Prejects.

There is an impression in America that strikes are unknown in China. My experience is quite to the contrary, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. The Chinese have invented the mar-The Chinese have invented the mar-iner's compass, gunpowder and strikes, but the only one of the three which they have developed fully is the art of striking. Whenever they want any-thing they ask for it by announcing a strike. I did not appreciate at first the importance of their feast days, and when the first one came round they not only struck but two hundred of them came up and mobbed my house. No violence was attempted, but the in-terchange of views was like the chattering of ten thousand monkeys. I yielded. The miners would strike if they did no like their shift boss, strike if they had a bad dinner in the company kitchen, strike for any reason. Once when mine, mill and furnace were in full blast the miners all struck for some insignifi cause. Tired of expostulation, I sent for the head men and told them grave-ly that I had no objection to the strike if the men wished it, but that the mill and furnace could not stop. They had to go right on, and it was very costly to keep them at work without ore. I said that I did not think it was right to make the company pay the loss, and that I should fine the workmen three days' pay for every day they were off duty. There was a great hubbub. The miners came to know if what the head man told them was true. They went to work the next day, and striking was free in that mine ever after, but each man paid for his own fun. In the end, however, they devised a more potent mode of warfare. They went into the mine with delightful regularity. They put in their time, but did not put out their ore, and our product fell off seventy-five per cent.

THE DEMON OF CHOKE-DAMP.

Men Used to Believe That the Gas i Mines Was a Living Devil. Thanks to men like Valentine, th ides of the interference of Satan and his minions with the mining industry was gradually weakened, and the working of the deserted mines was resumed, writes Dr. Andrew D. White, in Popular Science Monthly; yet, even at a comparatively recent period, we find it still lingering, and among loading di-vines in the very heart of Protestant Germany. In 1715 a cellar-digger hav-ing been stifled at Jena, the medical Prof. Loescher, of the university Wittenberg, entered a solemn protest, declaring that the decision of the medical faculty was "only a proof of the lamentable license which has so taken possession of us, and which, if we are not earnestly on our guard, will finally turn away from us the blessings of But denunciations of this kind could not hold back the little army of science. In the last half of the eighteenth century Black, Priestly, and especially Bergmann, rooted out the very foundations of the whole theologic theory, and one more phantom which had long troubled the earth was at last driven forth forever.

TRANSPORTATION EXHIBITS. English Railroad Men Will Furnish a Most

Unique Display. In the English section of the transportation exhibit department will be shown many interesting and historical vehicles. In addition to the Phillipson relies detailing in models and drawings the various stages of improvement in coach building during the past one hon-dred and fifty years, Mr. Metcalf, the United States consul at Newcastle, has succeeded in securing one of the sedan chairs which were used by ladies of the northern metropolis up to 1850 for going to church, balls, parties and other assemblages, and which were displaced by the backney coach and street cab. This chair has been loaned by George Boyd, of Newcastle, for the world's fair. It has been carefully preserved, is beautifully embellished, and is an in-teresting example of obsolete methods

of transportation.
J. E. McNay, treasurer of the Northeastern railroad company, of England, contributes to the railway division of transportation exhibits a unique picture of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington railway, the first in the world used for the conveyance of passengers. The artist was a native of Darlington, and the point of view chosen by him for his sketch is the railway bridge over the Sherne at this place. To the right and left of this drawing will be hung the original announcement and programme of the opening and the original and first time Above it an enlarged phe

Models of the first railway carriage made by Atkinson and Phillipson for the Manchester and Liverpool and Stockton and Darlington railways of England cannot fail to attract the attention of visitors to the department of transportation exhibits.

GERMANY'S WINES.

Stateen Hundred Varieties to Re Erhib ited at the World's Fate.

German wine growers and dealers are making great preparations for a display at the exposition. Already two hundred and eighty exhibitors are re-jetered who intend sending sixteen hundred different samples of wines grown in Baden, Alsace, Hesse, the Rhine provinces, Wortemburg, under the care of a representative committee of wine provers and dealers from Cobientz and sheim and Bingen and Kreuznac and Mayence. A sum of over twent thousand dollars has been subsc



Ailments of Women.

Backache. It has cured more cases of Leno hea than any remedy the world I wer known. It is almost infallible uch cases. It dissolves and exp issued of development, and checks a Bearing-down Feeling causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanent cured by its use. Under all circus stances it acts in harmony with the law that govern the female avetem, as is as harmiess as water. It removes

irregularity,
ppressed of Painful Menstr
askness of the Stomach, Indi

Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" at "want to be left alone" feeling, extability, irritability, nervousness, sieclessness, fiatulency, melancholy, or the blues," and backache. These a sure indications of Female Weakness some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles. The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It con-tains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, mar-ried or single, should know about her-self. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vege shie Compound is unequaled. Liver Pille, 25c. tion, and Torpit Liver LYDIA E PINKRAN HED. CO., Isan.

partly by the German states and cities, with which a fine exhibition ball in German renaissance is being built on Midway Plaisance. On the walls will Midway Plaisance. On the walls will be pictures of the finest scenery in the wine-growing districts of the Ehine and the Mosel by artists of reputation from actual sketches made specially for the exposition. Among the noteworthy views will be the Germania memorial statue and the castle of Ehrenfels, while plaster reproductions of both will heighten the effect. Other pictures Germany. In 1715 a cellar-digger having been stifled at Jena, the medical faculty of the university decided that the cause was not the direct action of the devil, but deadly gas. Thereupon Prof. Lossober of the university of the kind will be appropriately grouped and marked according to rules intended to show uniformity and effect. Nope will show the exact position of each district, and the building will be lit by electric ty and made attractive both outwardly and inwardly. A good handbook will describe the qualities of German wines, and a restaurant will supply them, as well as German national dishes. The French wine producers have followed the example of their German rivals, and are now trying to organize a collective

THE OLDEST BELL

The Patriarch of Western Hemisphere Clangers Owned by a Colored-Church. The congregation of the African Methodist Episcopal church at Haley-ville, N. J., has a rare relic in the shape of a large bell, which is said by who have traced its history to be the oldest bell in the western hemisphere. says the Brooklyn Eagle. The bell was procured by Capt. Elins Newell on one of the Bohama islands and presented by

him to the church. It is one of the Daniel upon the Ferdinand and Isabella placed upon the It is one of the bells, as stated, which Albambra in 1492, and in 1503 acuted by Queen Isabella to Christopher Columbus upon his fourth and last voy-age to America. It was placed in the chapel which was the beginning of the great cathedral of Carthagens Granada. In 1697, upon the siege of Carthagena, it fell to the share of the French ship La Bochelle. Afterward the ship was wrecked upon the island of San Andreas, one of the Bahamas.

A few of the crew were saved, toget er with the bell. From the de of the survivors the bell and its history were obtained by Capt. Newell, of the bark Ecra H. Fisk, of Haleyville. There is a debt of one bundred and pinety dollars resting upon the church at Haleyville, and so highly do the people value the relic—the Columbus bell— that they will not place it in the church that they will not place still the charred they lose the bell, but it is securely kept at the residence of Trustee Aifred Green. It is feur hundred years old this year, and it is preposed that it shall be exhibited at the Columbian exposi-



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